n anuman's emple.

Everything was damp and mouldy; while, to add to our distress, we had been sent to camp out, for cholera was rife in the barracks.

Tight enough, av course; but if there's glory to be had, I'll take wheever comes long tonight with me-by 8t. Pathrick and the toads be banished, will I that same."

I, George Paton, was sitting upon the side of my camp bedstead, smoking and chatting with Col. Cornwallis, one stifling norning, when the latter's orderly came tent.

nnis, the orderly, presented as solemn a countenance as if he had to report the destruction of the entire contents of the canteen. He stood at attention till Corn-

wallis, eying him curiously, asked:
"Well, bennis, what has gone wrong this time? Have these Hindoo Johnnies risen

"No such luck, colonel," answered Dennis, with a limp smile. "We've bin stuck under cauvas for fear of that cholery till I'd give canvas for fear of that cholery till I'd give the coat av me back for a good, murderous cut in at them mutinous beggars. By the Howly Mother, I would so, colonel! The heat's sickcain', an' so's the rotted dulness of livin' two miles from a town, which is our lot at present, beggin' yure pardon, colonel, for spakin' so familiar like. No, it ali't a risin' of the natives; but I don't know as it's any the better nor worse than that. Corporal Jackson's dead—cut his throat." Cornwallis looked thoughtful as he re-

"The heat takes men in different ways; there wasn't a better fellow in the ranks than Jackson either. I thought be looked a little off color yesterday at parade, his eyes were too bright to my liking. I fancied be had been drinking

"If ye think that was the case, colonel, ye are mistook. Twasn't the likker in Jackson's case—not it. The sweltering heat was at first to blame. I make no doubt, for, like the rest of us, it told on him a bit, av coorse. Afterwards, the heat had little to do with it at all; and yit it seems a queer go, too, for Jackson, of all men, to show the white feather, and to niggers, too! I may be wrong, I own, but to spake plain, it's my idear that precious son of sia, Lutt Tuchnee, is at the bottom of the mess. If there is to be blood-lettin' atwert us and them snaky sapoys, don't I wish he may git near the twist av me sword! I'll touch him ap, by the holy Moses an' the Red Sea, I will so, colonel, beggin' your bonor's presence. He may be a pularce, or praste, as is his outlandish name; but I'll let daylight into the middle of his carcase."
"Come, Dennis," said the colonel; "if you go on in that way, man, I'll begin to think the heat has affected you. What

to think the heat has affected you. What is your idea concerning Jackson's suic de?"
"Frightened into it, sor, and here's the why ay it. He knew that it 'ad be his run to do sentry duty tonight, seein' there isn't many of us here to do that same; for we've a dacent and tidy hospital list, as you know,

I thought Jackson was made of better though! Jackson was made of better staff. The sentries who have so maccountably disappeared, two nights in succession. fell victims to their own carelessness. My orders were plain enough, fire at any thing youses, and rousethecamp. If a man won't follow plain orders he deserves his fate, whatever it has whatever it be. I went over the ground yesterday morning, and all I could see was a tiger's spoor. That explains what became of Mallon, the previous sentry. What death took Smith the night before, I can't tell."

That pularee, Lutt Tuchmee, is at the bottom of the mess. I ses it agin, colonel, and every trooper swears it's true." "There, Dennis, don't talk any more non-

"There, Dennis, don't talk any more nonnense." and so saying, Cornwallia dismissed the orderly.

"It's a queer thing to happen," said the
colone to me, meditarively. "The strange
part of it is that I kept a watch myself
on the sentry last night, without saying
anything about it. To tell the truth, there's
nothing makes our troops so shaky and
nervous as the various yares that reach us
from time to time of the superstitious jugglery of the natives which seems to be
geing on. I saw Mallon keeping a good geing on. I saw Mallon keeping a good looksat, and I'm certain that he had his carbine ready. At half-past twelve he had disappeared. I tracked his body for some way, but a few thousand pards from his past the trail was lost in a ridge of clayey rock or kayar.

What about the pujarce, Lutt Tuch-

mee?"
"I don't suppose he can turn himself into a tiger, with all his spells," said Cornwallis, with a dry laugh. "If he has that power, I mean to test it. Say nothing about it; when night comes I intend to change places with the sentry, and leave them none the wiser."
"I will help you to keep watch," I said.

ame the wiser."
"I will help you to keep watch," I said.
"Not at all; there will be no merit in
two solving a mystery that one falled to grasp. I will show the then that, with ordinary foresight, the two sentries need not have lest their lives. It will be a lesson to them to have eyes behind them, as well as in front, in these troublezome

Cel. Cornwallis lit a cigar and strolled out of the tent. I saw him several times that day on matters of daty; but he did not refer to the coming night, and I naturally was reluctant to pester my superior officer with my theories or wishes.

II. Night had come. Overhead the clouds were marky, with here and there a sword's width of moonlight cleaving through. There was enough glimmer from the stretch of scind to give a light that showed me the coloner's tall form in the distance, doing sentry duty.

In spite of his wishes, I determined to

see what came of the colonel's experiment. As near as I dared, I crept toward where he least on his carbine, alert and keen. Occasionally he would walk to and fro, to take the rheumatic twinges out of his bones, which the air, dripping with moisture.

I watched and waited. Nothing stirred. The men under canvas were either askep or drowsy. The earth seemed still as if red-handed death had slain everything discovered; the troops said afterwards, a Lucknow, that Cornwallis had eyes behind

him: and itseemed almost true to me then.

An hour passed, but the silence was unbroken; half an hour more slowly slipped
into the abyss of time. It grew dark
overhead, the colone? sgray coat made him stand out like a spectre of the night. Still nothing happened. I took out my watch nothing happened. I took out my watch and, cautiously striking a match, read the time. It was twelve minutes to 1. I flong the match down, restored my watch to its place, and looked toward the colonel He was not there.

once more. He was not there.

I flung all caution to the winds, and
ran forward into the night, carbine in
hand. No, my cyesifit had not played
me false. Without a sound, without a
struggle or resistance of any kind, Col. Cornwallis had disappeared.

Down to the ground I stooped. I wasted half a dozen matches in examining the ground. It was too disturbed by parade I alarmed the camp, and the troopers came I starmed the camp, and the troopers came pouring out half dressed with their carbines clutched ready for fees, human or otherwise; but they met none. We spent the night scouring the district for the colonel; but he was not to be found. Payight came, and, as officer next in command. I paraded the men. They were quieter they night better have been expected. than might have been expected. No one afterwards volunteered any statement of his opinion except Dennis.

"The colonel—the Lord presurve him-was grit to the last. I'll swear," said he to me as we walked to my tent after parade. "He hasn't knuckled under without a struggie, but he's worsted and by incarnate scoundrel, Lutt Tuchmee.

III.

I'll dine wid de saints tomorrow, if my company isn't required in another direction, sor," said he, with a tightening of his jaw. "There's a matter 25 rupces pay as perhaps you will e is sent to the ould countbry for me, d that is all I want to say. I'll go

and the toads he banished, will I that same."

"Listen to me. Dennis. We will both do duty together. We will take up outpost in one place. While you walk ten paces to the left and see what is to be seen, I will remain stationary. When you return, I will leave you there, while I go a similar distance to the right and back."

why not turn the lot out tonight, beggin' your pardon?"
"That won't do," I responded, "Noth-ing would happen."
"As I'm market."

ing would happen."

"As I'm me mother's son, I don't know that," said Dennis with a dissentient nod.

"Obey orders, Dennis, and above all keep from the canteen today. We may have some tough work cut out for us tonight. Tell the other men you voluntecred for the post being anxious to find out where the colonel haddisappeared to."

"Which I am, most mightily curious, sor. Ay, and we'll yetheat that Tuchmee."
And he left me.

I spent the day in putting my affairs as

I spent the day in putting my affairs as

from it a ball cartridge, only to find that some pieces of stone had been substituted by a cunning hand.

I hastliy fetched a lantern from my tent,

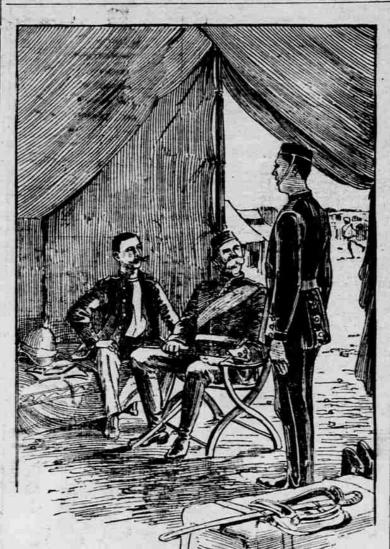
and carefully searched the ground. With-in a few yards of the spot where I dis-covered the orderly's carbine I found, for the first time, footmarks. The one fact which forced itself upon my mind was that Dennishad been lifted off his feet and trans-ferred twenty yards. I knew that thugs

was that he and the others were in the power of a gang of such men.

I followed the foot marks I had discovered. I concluded that these men were concerned in the adventure. Two had carried a captive, and a third had walked by the prisoner's side. Three tracks of maked feet ran across the sand—one close to the other—as of one man walking behind his companions, the third being a little to the left of the double track.

It was easy to see that the prisoner was struggling for liberty, for in places the track assumed a zigzag.

For three hours or more I followed, doggedly tracking the captive and captors, and yet, hasten as I did, getting no nearer to them. At last the track passed up a long cleft between some rocky ground and there suddenly disappeared. Eagerly I examined the rocks around. Had they been scaled? Had the fellows discovered



'Dennis, the orderly, presented as solemn a countenance as if he had to re-

straight as a soldler can under such circonstances. When night came, I gave imperative orders for silence and lights out

and then sent for Pennis.

"Fill just whistle Boyne Wather to myself afore we start, if you don't object, an' then the 'Wearin' of the Green;' it isn't a time to be partial to one side or tether, sor, and I'll take in all Ireland that way."

When the fellow had done with his whistling, he came toward me.
"I've me carbine loaded, as is yours; we'll see what turns up.

I grasped his hand for a moment, and like Cornwallis, we went forward into the darkness and silence.

IV. The water slowly away. The afternoon had been close and oppressive, and towards securing a storm had come and gone. Now and again a sheet of lightning made the dark like day; but towards midnight, to our chagrin, the occasional beacon disappeared, and the clouds hung beavy close and low.

Again the stillness of the previous night was repeated, and, in spite of myself, I felt my nerves twitch as the midnight hour We kept up our marches in turn At about a quarter past tweive something grazedmy check, and I raisedmy hand bastily to ward it off... I foll surer-from its soft feel, that it had only been the wing of a night moth; yet, when Dennis returned to my side a minute afterwards. I mentioned this little mxious watch as much as i did. "It may have been a moth, and it may have

"It may have been a moth, and it may have been. "I he began, then stopped.
"Been what, bennig?" I demanded.
"I don't know," he answered thoughtfully. "Perhaps you'll think it a queer idea of mine to ask ye the favor, sor, but have ye alony objection to tyin' this end of thread about your left wrist? The other end is tied to mine, and I've measured the length; the thread is about tant when we're ten paces apart. The night is as black as a black goat; if one of us was to disappear suddin like, t'other of as was to disappear suddin like, t'other 'ud know it in a rat's whisper of time A minit—ay, or a quarter of one—may be validle to the one that's taken. It's worth while, sor, if ye don't mind; the thread won't take up much room."

More to satisfy the man's whim than

for any other reason, I did as he asked. The time went slower still after that; for, with our ears strained to catch the slight-est sound, we did not converse. It came to be my turn to walk from where Bennis stood. Reaching the allotted

distance of ten paces, I stood still a moment, and made a survey as well as I could. Nothing was visible in the small field of vision which was to be had from there. Stay: Was there something youder a little darker than the night? No: it was my fancy; my imagination was run-

"At that moment I felt a slight pull on the thread about my wrist; then, feeling with my right hand. I found the thread was

my right hand. I found the thread was broken. As yard of it for so hung down. Still there was that extraordinary silence. I ran instantly to where I had left Dennis a minute before. It seemed impossible—increalible; the man was gone.

Ishouted "Dennis! bunnis!" but no answer came—not the faintest sound of one. I raised my carbine and fired into the air, with the object of rousing the camp. No sound followed as I touched the trigger. I struck one of my remaining matches, and saw, to my dismay, that the cartridge had been withdrawa.

saw, to my dismay, that the cartridge had been withdrawns.

I wiped the beads of perspiration from my forethead with the back of my hand; then ran forward, still calling—calling out the orderly's name. Not a sound ensued; the world might have been dead cicraally, if found the place where Dennis had stood; going back to do so. Again I struck another match and looked for the name trail. The way he had marched was to be seen, but nothing else. I followed it, but it ended in a sandy mass of untrodden soil. I went back to the starting place. It was plain there were signs neither of man nor beast having passed there, forward or beast having passed there forward or beast having passed there, forward or beast having passed there, forward or beast having passed there forward or when the backward. Without losing further time I went on ahead as straight as I could on the something. I haid an eager hand upon it. It was the orderly's carbine. I fung my own away and pulled the trigger of the other. There was no sound. Treachery in camp as well as out, I thought, as again, I went forward. I had no ammunition at all; for, after finding my own carbine empty, I had opened my pouch to take

sented the god worshiped. I passed over the portal and through the outer court to find myself viewing one of the strang-est scenes I had ever witnessed.

image of the Monkey God, Hanuman, Made of reddish stone, its every feature distorted and repulsive, the stone god looked down with great ruby eyes upon the assembled

body had been rubbed with koon-kam or red powders, while the Igrehead was bound with the skin of a sported make. Closer I kept within the shadow as near me the procession passed, making a circuit of the temple within before offering the body to the Hanuman. I listened intently. Knowing the language, I thought that in their zeal some mention might be made of the other victims or prisoners.

Low and weight the chant began, mingled with cries from the worshipers at times. I caught the manufact of part of the chant:

"Sunjeeva Raya! Great Monkey God! Behold we give!

Seize! seize and slay! Indra zides upon thee!

Smite! smite him! Awful in power, ap-Smite! smite him! Awful in power, approach!
Ten thousand times the spell is uttered!
Help! help that the English redecat fail!
Take! take! Six shall we slaughter! Six!
Two are thine, one this and one before! Two more have we sprinkled! Seize and

slay!
Fast have we them within thy Temple!
Smite!
With black goat milk have we whitened them! They are thine to devour at dawn! Await!

Then the worshipers rose; and the three pulareces, drawing uncouth figures upon the stone flags of the temple, trod them in mazy ways, followed by all those who were before the Idol of the Monkey God. Again they passed in procession around the temple:

before the hol of the Monkey God. Again they passed in procession around the temple; then went through the portal, closing the great gate with a clang.

Whether I should succeed in finding the men I sought, I knew not. From the exhortation to Hamiman I gathered that they were somewhere fast prisoners in the temple. I had little hope, even should they be alive, of our utilimate escape, for there was no egress from the temple, save by the great fast-closed gate. That, not the strength of twenty men could move. I knew, as, for a minute after the worshipers had departed. I stood regarding it.

I made a careful tour of the temple, but could see no place where prisoners or vie-

I made a careful four of the temple, but could see no places where prisoners or vic-tims could be concealed. With the stock of Dennis rifle founded the walls, they were solid; it was only too apparent. I tried the stone slabs of the floor. One of them gave out a hollow sound. I flung myself down beside it, and tried to move the

myself down beside it, and tried to move the mass from its position. The task was beyondmy strength. Idug at it with bleeding fingers, till a fuintness came over me, but with no result. There was a hollow space beneath it—of that I was convinced. Then it occurred to me to knock upon the slab of stone to see if any answer were returned. Thirice I tapped, and waited.

Whether I had given some secret sign or not in so doing, to this day I have never discovered, but slowly and cautiously I saw the stone raised, and the evil face of a pujarce peered forth.

By the merest chance I saw the brown paw of the fellow in the interstice before his face appeared, and accordingly I daried away. Apparently the pujarce was not satisfied with his casual survey; and, probably thinking that some worshiper

probably thinking that some worshiper was accidentally left a prisoner in the temple, he slowly drew himself up, let the great slab fall into its place, and then advanced until he stood under the great swinging lamp before the Monkey God. Still he failed to see me; and after a few minutes' stay, during which he called to whoever was in the temple to come to his side, he went back to where the stone slab

was.

As the pujaree stooped down to give the signal which I had accidentally given, I seized him by the neck, and, dragging him from the slab, turbed the fellow over and planted my right knee upon his chest. I held his throat fast, so that he could not try out for on that my life described. ery out, for on that my life depended; and, putting my face close to the pujaree's distorted visage, I asked: "Where are the two living Sahibs? Speak true, or you shall die!" He held up his hand in token that he

would answer; but I still ching to his throat till I thought he was too exhausted to make an outcry—then I let go my grip, but still planed him to the temple floor. He mattered in broken English to my "Pujaree show-let himget up. Hanuman

from above them as they stood sentry; it was drawn taut, and each had been violently jerked off his feet for some distance, and then conveyed by three

then gave one of the knives to Dennis, ng the other in case I needed it. Anxiously we waited for the dawn that

ever see. when at last the pularces and the devotees began to enter the building, they came by way of the stone slab, and not by the temple

gate.

For a moment we bent our heads to gether, for a hurried discussion, and then, each upon the heels of the other, ran hetter sketter across the temple floor and made for the steps up which the worshipers coming.

for the steps up which the worsingers were coming.

Dennis reached the opening first, and dashed down, scattering the astonished devotees for a moment. They quickly saw how matters stood, and as Cornwalls leapt down the steps, with a smart movement they fung the stone down, leaving me with them alone.

Exercise for being seconds I stood at hay

me with them alone.

For a few brief seconds I stood at bay, slashing for dear life at the maddened faces of the horde about me. Then the ponderous stone was pushed up from beneath, and Cornwallis, looking more like a demon than a man, caught me up and dragged me a way down the steps, the stone falling close upon me.

I shall remember the dash we made down those stairs as long as I live. With every weapon they could seize in their haste we were opposed, as foot by foot we thrust ourselves forward and our foes backward. We got to the bottom of the steps with only a few slight wounds, and then, with a rush, we took the passage, that lay before us. It had no door; had there been one, my account of the pujarce's plot would never have been written.

We were pursued right down the passage by those we passed, while others faced us and barred the way. Cornwallis went, first, and, laying about him with the stock of his carabine, cleared us a test. of his carabine, cleared us a path, while we turned about and kept back the pursuing horde as we retreated.

Wegotoutside atlast, and, the devotees disputing the way no longer, we ran at full speed across some rising ground.

speed across some rising ground.

Our enemies gave up the chase at last—all but one of the pujarces, who seemed frantic at our escape. He persistently followed us, till Dennis, who had some ball cartridges in his pouch, loaded the carbine he had taken from the colone's shand, since it was his own, and took aim at the pujarce. The shot took the fellow in the head, and he fell. Dennis went back to look at the dead pujarce, then caught us up.

went back to look at the dead pujaree, then caught us up.
"I said at the first and I stuck to it, that Lutt Tuchmee was at the bottom of the mess, colonel. It's plain I'm right—the vultures will tear him to pieces; for the pujaree I've just picked off is that same Tuchmee."
One little detail I must mention further: A 'very estimable native cook, Col. Cornwallis' special pride, suddealy disappeared from our company when we returned to canvas. He turned up again at Lucknow, and paid, at the end of a gun, for his illitimed treachery, when he combined the collinary art with the abstraction of cartridges from our carbines, and the substituting of stones for some rounds of stituting of stones for some rounds of ball cartridge. He had other accounts to settle besides, which even the excellence of his former curries did not altogether counterbalance.—Charles J. Mansford, in Pall Mail Gazette.

Oscar Redwine's Peculiar Dilemma

BB HAVE it, old boy-just the best scheme you ever heard of. You say she comes every night?"

George Arlington was indo-George Affington was indo-lently reclining in an easy rocker, with his feet propped up in another chair in his cozy library. The person to whom be ad-dressed the above remark was leaning awk-wardly against the old-fashioned mantel-piece, with his bony elbow buried among vapiece, with his bony chow ourned among various articles which had been placed there while his abort chin was enveloped in a thin, web-like hand. His form was tall and slender, and it might not be out of place to say that his figure was of a somewhat limber appearance. His red hair was coarse and stiff, and like that of Tommy Tradelics, stood straight upon his head. "Pujarree show—lethinget up. Hanuman want six siain, then Sepoy rising succeed. The two alive! Come sec."

I let him get to his feet and took from his belt a couple of dangerous looking knives. He went straight toward the image of Hanuman, and, touching a spring of some kind, the front of what appeared to be a solid block of stone beneath the god gave way. Dragging the pojaree with me I russied in and found Cornwallis and Bennis lying there bound and helpless. The frightened pujaree unfastened their bonds at my bidding; then, when they were out of their strange place of confinement, we bound the stone floor, closing the base of the Irange upon lim."

I heard from Cognwillis and Dennis exactly the same story. A noose had fallen from above them as they stood sentry; it man belonged to George. Yet all these were as naught to bim beside a genuinely romantic adventure with some plain specimen of humanity.

Oscar Redwine, frenk though he was, and opblessed by nature, as no one can deny, cossessed a noble heart and some excellent traits of character, his chief failing be ing a devotion to George which amounted to

ing a devotion to George which amounted to something like hero-worship.

Redwine had just unfolded a great secret to his adored George, the narration of which had excited the above remark. In shawer to the inquiry made by George, Oscar assured him that the lady in question had not missed a night during the last tec. last ten.
"And you are sure that she is a som-

"Perfectly certain. You see, she is man-ager of the telegraph office during the day, and I have charge at night. Nothing could be more natural than that when she walks in her sleep, she should visit the scene of her daily during."

her daily daties." "Does she ever talk to you?" "Rarely ever says anything of her own accord, but whenever I ask her questions she almost invariably nods assent. Rather

eculiar, isn't it?" "That's simply grand!" cried George, springing to his feet and slapping Oscar en-thusiastically upon the shoulder. Then the onversation continued in an animated bu ofidential manner

"And you think she is a most excellent "Oh, there can be no doubt of it?" emphasized the other.
"And you like her better than you do any
other living mortal?" "And you mortal?" other living mortal?" "That'shard'y fair, "objected Oscar, grow-

'Never mind that. Do you?"

Why, then, marry her."
"Marry her?"
"Yes; why not?"
"She'd never consent to marry me," said the honest fellow, viewing his comic figure

dolefully.

"Don't ask her." 'Are you joking or crazy?"

"Are you joking or crazy?"
"I certainly am not joking, and I don't think I'm crazy. In the first place I believe that the visits are caused by some attraction other than a tiresome old office. I have always heard that somnambellists do instinctively while asleep what they actually have an inclination to perform while in a state of consciousness, and I therefore believe that she would marry you while asleep without a sign of disapprobation."
"Why, the idea is absurd, monstrous, inconceivable," said Redwine, evidently puzzled and embarrassed.
"Not a bit of it, Judging from what you."

zled and embarrassed.

"Not a bit of it. Judging from what you say I think both are willing. If you propose to her she will accept, but not until she has almost tentalized your life out of you, as provoking women aways do. Now, don't be tantalized; rather be romantic, and you may be the only man in America who has married with neither the knowledge nor consent of his wife."
"It's impossible. I could not take selections."

and he could scarce control in outburst of feeling, while the other looked doubtful. "But suppose she does not act her

MAKEN

part?"
"Why, then we will simply be a whipped pair, and the world will be none the wheet."
"But what about the magistrate and the wings." was to free us, or to be the last we should

"They'd never know the cause, and, be "They'd never know the cause, and, besides, money always gains silence. But leave it all to me, and I'll be everlastingly indebted to you if you are not a married man before one."

"We had better not run the risk. It is

we had better not run the going; or now nearly seven, and I must be going; or the dear girl will be kept waiting." "Go ahead. I'll have all arranged and be there by twelve sharp. What is the lady's full name?"

"No, don't do that."
"Yes, sir, the plan shall be carried out.
You may as well not oppose. What is her

"Elizabeth Wilcox. But it is perfectly useless for you to come. I could not be party to such an infamous scheme." "Oh, you'll change your mind. Look for me at twelve. Good-by till then." "Good-night."

It was a wretched night. A biting wind was blowing furiously from the northwest, making the large houses creak and shake, and causing the tail trees to writhe and wrench until it appeared that their limbs would be riven asunder. With the exception of one young man the street was totally abandoned.

"Excellent night for ghosts to walk," muttered he between his treet. "Further that somanthuist will have sense enough to remain in her room to night." Palling his cost closer over him and looking around as if to make sure that no unsightly ghost shadowed his path, he quickened his aiready rapid pace.

"I believe this is the place," he said, entering a house and ringing the bell. The door soon opened, whenever wo others foined him.

"It is already twelve," said the new comer. "Have you the license?" and the "All prepared," answered one of them. "Strange time and place—"

"You must remember," impatiently interrupted the first speaker, "that you are paid to perform the ceremony, and beyond that neither of you is to open his

"I fully understand," answered he, not "I fully understand," answered he, not a little stung by the sharp reply. The three men then sought their way sliently through the darkness to the depot, and soon ushered themselves into the waiting room which was dimly lighted by a hadly smoked lamp. The leader hurried to another room, leaving his companions to hover over the last lingering sparks of the day's fire which now smouldered in the little hearing stove.

little heating stove.

The leader entered the telegraph office. where Redwine rose, evidently agitated at his appearance. The office had no other occupant save a woman who stood over the telegraph table. A large bonnet almost concealed her head and face, and her whole

form was giveloped in a long gostamer.

Wrapped as she was, George Arlington could not help fancying that he saw the peculiar qualities which characterized this woman. She was short and plump, her form indicating that she was one of those old-fastioned little woman. old-fashioned little women possessed of an excellent nature and a jovial disposition—admirable in simplicity and beautiful in innocency. Her face was full and round, not noted for beauty, but remarkable for momentum.

not noted for beauty, but remarkable for magnetism.

A fierce argument ensued between the young men. For a long time each spoke with spirit and vehemence, while the men in the other room paced the floor impatiently. During the debate, so cager was each to carry his point, neither of them noticed the actions of the girl.

Nearly an hoar had elapsed, when Oscartarning to the table, took the hand of the unconscious girl, and, placing her hand in his own, started toward the other room.

"Wait," whispered George, excitedly; "see if she is going to betray us."

"Will you marry me?" asked Oscar.

She nodded affirmatively.

win you marry mer, asked Oscar.
She nodded affirmatively.
"Bon't you hate me?"
The same motion was repeated.
Oscar looked agitated, offile George tried to smother his milith with his handkerchief.

The ceremony was performed, and the The ceremony was performed, and the two men, unaware of the treachery to which they had been accessory, returned to their homes. The others went back to the office, Oscar to sit before the fire and regret his action from the lowest depths of his soul; Elizabeth to return to the telegraph table, dreaming that her faily dentes would soon be over, but being uninformed by any goddess of that land of vision that this was a most important uncoment in her young life; while George remained to view developments, triamphant for his unwary feet and p mined to view developments, triumphant for his unwary feet and promised to help

soon took his departure.

poor, weak, timled fellow racked his braid until both fertile and barren spots had been tilled afresh, in the vain hope that some place might give birth to come solution of the perilous position. The very thought of confessing to his wife terrified him. Wife! The word itself filled him with dismay.

George advised him to make a conquest of the lady's heart. When that should be won the difficulty would be wronced. But

dismay.

George advised him to make a conquest of the lady's heart. When that should be won the difficulty would be removed. But

not think of taking such an important step without the advice of George, who as a matter of course, dissuaded him. Drown-ing would be an excellent end. He forth-with sought the poad, but of course George was there and dragged out the strangling man. Here he hysterically thanked his preserver, but wished that he had been permitted to die.

had been permitted to die.

At length, however, the crisis came.
George swore that he would publish an account of the marriage in the paper in three
days, if Oscar did not tell all to his wife. Oscar could not muster courage to her wrath, so he decided to write. oscar could not muster courage to face her wrath, so he decided to write. Two whole days and nights were spent in the preparation of the letter. His apologies were numerous and his offersextreme. He would join the army of Japan, go into the jangles of A frica, become food for the cannibals, or do anything eise she might think necessary to make atonement. Never once did he hope that she might accept him.

The letter was scaled, directed and lett on the table one morning. He remained in concealment all day, fearing fatal results. It was tremblingly fint he returned that night fifteen minutes late.

As he had hoped, she was gone, and a letter awaited him, which ran thus.

"You foolish boy! While you and your friend argued I awoke and listened. It took a hong time to understand what you were after, but finally I comprehended the cir cumstances, and learned what you expected me to do, so I decided not to disappoint you. I await you anxiously and levingly at the hotel."

you. I await you anxiously and levingly at the hotel."

For five minutes Redwine guzed at the note in mute astonishment, then be began making long strides toward the door.

Right He Is. Small Boy-I don't wonder that wenen's eads so often acher Little Girl-Why?

Small Boy-Every time they see any of their children they se got to think up some reason for not letting them do what they Morning Song. O de sun rise up at de break er day.

En he shine twell de sky lu'n blue; En de sum he say:
"Hit's a long, long way.
En I got no time fer ter stop en play!"
En he shine all day, he shine all day,
Fer he don't sleep late lak' you!

O de sun he rise at de break er day, O de sun he rise at de break er day.

En de stars say: "Howdy do!"

But de sun he say:
"You must cl'ar de way:
"You must cl'ar de way:
"Yer I'm on my road, en 1 des can't stay:
My task is took fer ter shine all day.
Fer I don't sleep late lak' you!"

—FRANK L. STANTON. Mr. Brown's Affinitu.

UDGING from appearances, ica would never have thought that Mr. Efflot Brown was the poet who wrote the exquisite verse which appeared occasionally in the periodical. He did not wear a Byron collar or flowing neckscarf, nor were his locks left to Row is its zurious profusion about his shoulden. In point of fact, he had no luxurious profusion of hair to flow, being considerably baid, in consequence of a had habit he had contracted of wearing his hat in his counting room.

oom. Short and decidedly stout, without the Short and decidedly stout, without the slightest tinge of melanchory in his expression, he did not have one outward sign of being a peet, yet proved he was a true one by writing only when his muse fairly threat the pencil between his fingers, and what he then produced was well worth reading. Being a country-bred man, heaving rootily of rural scenes, of songs of birds, the changing seasons, the wild flowers beauty and kindred subjects, and, coming direct from the heart as his verses did, with their charming, wild flavor and the breeziness of hill and field breathing through every line, no wonder they appeared to the heart and touched it as more studied and artificial poetry, be it ever so fine, can never do.

At the age of fortry-five, having amassed a comfortable forting in the banking all

poetry, be it ever so line, can never do.

At the age of ferty-five, having amassed a comfortable fortune in the banking business, he retired and gave himself up to the true enjoyment of life with his wife and family, the latter consisting of two young sons and a daughter of nineteen.

About this time he began a small volume which he called "Rural Treasures," which he fallshed in six months time, working only, as has been said, when must unspired. The little volume attained an inspired. The little volume attained an instant popularity, which surprised its publishers, who calld not understand how it had caught the public's favor.

It had caught the public's favor.

But many a city man who had been burn and raised in the country, knew and understood the charm of the book, and wiped away the tears which started unbidden at the memories awakened by such simple verses as "Wading in the Stream," "The Old School House," and "The Early Victor"

Violet."

After its publication Mr. Elliot Brown's between nutograph mail became so heavy, between autograph letters, flattering friends and begging episites, be laughingly declared that he must

episiles, he lauchingly declared that he must hire an amanueusis. To earn money for a pet charity his daughter Emily eagerly begged for the position and spent the early morning hours attending to his currespondence in her father's handsome library. During a temporary absence of his young amanueusis Mr. Brown again attended to his must, and one day found a letter which particularly pleased him. He was above plain, unadulterated flattery, but this letter, while flattering, praised his book in a subtle, delicately veiled manner in language as choice and elegant as if borrowed—as perchance it was—from the pages of an old manual of polite correspondence.

As the writer, Miss Annabel Length, gave her address in Boston and begged for an autograph letter from him, the poet write ashort note thanking her for her kind praise. In a few days he received another letter from her in which she confessed that she, too, and been scorched by the flaines of the divine fire of poetry and begged him

to pass judgment upon some lines inclosed.

The lines were, to say the least, excellent, and, while they had a familiar ring in Mr. Brown's mental ear, as if he had read something very like them in some long forgotten volume, he could not believe the gentle writer guilty of plagiarism, and wrotecom-mending her verses.

This called forth so immediate as an-swor, with more poems to be criticised, that Mr. Brown was startled, and yet, hav-

swer, with more poems to be criticised, that Mr. Brown was startied, and yet, having fallen into the correspondence, scarce knew how to extricate himself, so at the end of the month, the limit set for his daughter's visit, he had quite a packet of letters from Miss Annabel.

Singularly enough, he had neglected telling his wife of the affair, but determined to take Emily into his confidence, especially as he knew she would discover the matter for herself. This determination was strengthened by the receipt of a lengthy missive from Miss Annabel, in which, after declaring that her heart told her that he was not ofly young and handsome, but unmarried and waiting yearningly for his affinity, she buildy declared herself that affinity and hade him fly to ker arms.

Mr. Brown had not expected any such complication of afficed whis a strong feeling of relief that he shifted his burden onto Miss Emily's shapely shoulders. She, te hig blessed with a kern sense of humor, saw only the indirects side of the affair, the sale for the affair.

over his success.

A half hour late the unconscious bridge cut out the current, made necessary preparations for closing up, find lets the office.

George, after again congratulating Oscar, "Trust mended to be my dearfather."

Trust mende to be row to be received to be realized. "Trust mended to be realized to be realized."

replied Emily, and betcok herself to her Oscar Redwine was in a dictuma. The pleasant task, while Mr. Brown, with a poor, weak, timid fellow racked his braid. Ughtened heart, went down to Tiffany's to

of gout, he will, therefore, be unable now or at any future time to accept your kind

won the difficulty would be semoved. But Elizabeth was so abominably and provokingly coquettish that he never could approach her. When he was hopeful she put his courage to flight, when he was despondent she was gay and hilarious, first sympathining, then ridiculing.

"Poor girl," he would moan, "how she would change if she only knew." He implored George to be spokesman, but that gentieman did not think himself the proper person. He next resolved to call his miserable life with landangm, but could not think of taking such an important step without the advice of George, who as statisticians tell us, may be regarded as an acute possibility. They were mittually step without the advice of George, who as an acute possibility. They were mutually shocked, but Miss Annabel, recovering first. was about to address some cutting remarks to the post, when Mrs. Brown appeared in the scene, and fearing from his expression that her busband was about to have an at-

tack of failatness, to which he was subject, hurried him into the open air.

Miss Lehigh was left to gaze with scorn at the retreating form of him whom she fondly hoped might be her affinity.

Whether she ever found the right one Mr. Brown never learned. But one thing he did learn, and that was that Miss Annabel had

be anything else.—Indianapolis Journal

culled her poetiegems, making a few changes of words, from an early volume of Tenar son's poems. Self-Evident. Watts—Do you think a man can be a Christian on a dollar a day? Potts—I don't see how he can affect it



A man with a stricking appearance.

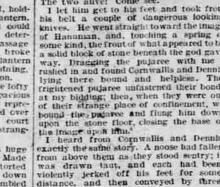
I took Dennis into my tent. "Dennis." I 'aid, watching the lines of his mouth-for so I can tell a coward from a than who has nerve and the ability to use it, "if Col. Cornwallis doesn't come back today, and the search party I em sending out doesn't succeed in ig him. I intend to put you on scutry

that they were being pursued and tricked

I climbed a projecting scarp and, holding on with one hand, raised my lantern. Nothing but the precipitous rocks could I discover. I climbed down and determined to go on to the end of the passage

In the center of the temple was a huge

mined to go on to the end of the passage between the rocks. The storm broke once more, as I passed on, and my lantern went out, but aided by the lightning, flashes, I went resolutely on and on. Rising before me I saw at last the lofty carved front of a temple, over the spacious entrance of which was grotesquely repre-cented the real worshiped. I passed over





"Cornwallis went first, laying about him with the stock of his carbine."

pajarees to the temple-

pajarces to the temple. There the rites performed over victims devoted to Hanuman had been carried out; and then they were thrust beneath the image to await the dawn, when they were to be sacrificed, and so complete four of the six victims which Haruman, the Monkey God, was not likely to get, if we escaped to spread the news of what was going on.

"We are fast enough in this temple," said Cornwallis to me after some conversation, as We stood surveying the gate; the only chance of escape we have will be when these fanatics come at dawn, as you say they intend. We will get close to the door and take them by surprise. In the confusion we may escape, if we are not overwhelmed by numbers.

"They chired us and sprinkled us with milk, sor," said Dennis, with a comical attempt at dignity. "Af ye 'ull lend me one av them knives, I'll help the Monkey God to the six men he wants with all the liberality of an English Christmas party."

I passed my carbine to Comwallis, and